**Hold Me Closer**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41487786.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham |
| Additional Tags: | Oneshot, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Post-Episode: s02e13 Mizumono, Omegaverse, Mpreg, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Alpha/Omega, Light Angst, Fluff, Not Beta Read, Mentioned Character Death, Pregnant Will Graham, Unhealthy Relationships |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 21 of Omegaverse Stories, Part 40 of Hannigram Oneshots |
| Stats: | Published: 2022-09-04 Words: 1,253 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Hold Me Closer

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

In Florence, Omega Will finds out he is pregnant with Hannibal's child. He is scared and anxious about the alpha's reaction at first as he remembers the unfortunate events surrounding Abigail's death in Hannibal's kitchen. He reveals the pregnancy to Hannibal. It turns out that Hannibal has discovered Will's pregnancy way before him. He promises not to hurt Will and their child.

Notes

In this universe, Hannibal did not stab Will in the stomach. Abigail died due to an emotionally impulsive reaction of Hannibal nonetheless :(

The title is inspired by the song "Hold Me Closer" by Elton John and Britney Spears.

Thanks for reading!

Will touched his abdomen and caressed it gently. His blue eyes wandered to the test again. He wondered  if it hadn't been a mistake.No, the test couldn't be wrong. The second test just confirmed the results of the first one.The pink lines stared back at him without mercy. It was obvious that he was pregnant. Now the hardest test would come. The omega  grabbed the test and with slow-measured steps he made his way towards the balcony of their apartment to reveal the news to his mate.

His throat went dry and his knees felt wobbly.How would Hannibal react? Could there be a future for their family after everything that happened? Will stopped at the threshold, leaned against the frame and watched his alpha sitting in the armchair, his head bent over a sketch board on his lap. The late afternoon sun cast a golden glow on him. So much changed in the last eight weeks. There was barely a trace left of the version of *the* Hannibal Lecter who had lived in Baltimore.

Hannibal's skin had already gained a slight bronze tan.His dark blonde hair was no longer slicked back and had gained a lighter shade too.Loose bangs hung over his forehead as he looked down on his sketch. The first buttons of his patterned shirt had been opened and the cleavage bared some of the curly hairs on his chest. Hannibal's patterned shirt was rather tailored tightly and pressed against the toned muscles lurking underneath.

The alpha looked loosened up and sexier than ever. Will had to suppress an omegan whine rolling from his throat. Yet he couldn't help but feel drops of slick wettening his pants. A melancholic smile hung on his lips as he expected another tragic event to roll out - just like Abigail's death in Baltimore. It could have been avoided, had he made his intentions clear before but now there was no going back. There was only the future that could be changed.

Hannibal seemed to have noticed his appearance and scent, for he put down his pencil and tilted his head towards the omega waiting in the shadow. The alpha emitted a soft purr as to reassure Will that everything was alright. "Hello Will," Hannibal said with a fond smile, his maroon eyes fixed on Will.

"Hannibal. Can I…can I talk to you?" Will asked, his eyes avoiding Hannibal's intense stare.His right hand clenched and unclenched  around the pregnancy test. "But of course, my dear Will," the alpha answered. Hannibal assessed the twitchy pacing of Will with a slight frown. "You seem troubled and anxious today.

After pacing around the balcony like a nervous deer, Will finally sank into the soft, squishy pillow of the armchair but his posture remained tense. He hid the test behind his back. The pounding of his heart thrummed in his ears. Hannibal seemed concerned and put his sketch board asids. "Should I  get you a drink?" He asked. Will shook his head. "No, thanks, I shouldn't drink any alcohol."" His left hand slid unconsciously to his belly again. Maybe Hannibal would get that hint.

A short, tense pause followed. When it became unbearable, Will finally got his courage together and lifted his gaze at Hannibal's maroon, assessing eyes. "Well…I need to tell you something important," confessed."Something that can't wait, I'm afraid." The alpha's face

distorted into an expressionless mask. Will swallowed when he noticed the shifting mood of his alpha.The pangs of pain, the needles that stung, he felt them, too.

“Do you want to tell me you’re unhappy with me? I am not hindering you from leaving me, Will. This is not a cage. If you decide to go, however, I won’t follow or contact you again.”

A low growl came out of the alpha’s mouth. It was accompanied by a cloud of acerbic pheromones. Will let out a feeble, placating whine.““No, it’s not that, Hannibal. I’m really glad to be here with you.” He leaned forward and reached for Hannibal’s hands. Hands that could murder someone in the fraction of a second.Hands that had taken more than a dozen lives The alpha didn’t pull them away but still remained impassive, his body stiff like a cat who is calculating and about to attack its prey.

“Then what is this all about?” Hannibal spoke in a cool and distant tone. Will closed his eyes for a moment to quiet the storm in his mind, to suppress the hurt by his lover’s distant demeanor.. He opened them again and then said the fateful words.

“I’m expecting a baby, Hannibal. Congratulations, you’re going to be a father.”

There it was.The truth was finally out. The interesting part was about to arrive now.

Hannibal’s facial expression softened again.To his surprise, Will felt the relief coming off him in waves. “Here I was thinking you were abandoning me.”The alpha’s eyes glowed red for a moment or two. His hands squeezed Will’s. “In fact, I already suspected it as your scent has changed. It is no longer as sweet as before.”

Will furrowed his eyebrows and growled. “What?” “Don’t worry, your scent is still intoxicating.The scent is just more balanced and less dominant now.” Hannibal responded with a self-congratulating smirk and a chuckle. “When I came to the conclusion that you are in the early stages of your pregnancy, I took the liberty of looking into housings outside of Florence and into fitting furniture and clothes. Don’t worry, Will. I have useful contacts to help us with everything.”

Oh wow.

He had not expected that level of care at all.

The omega exhaled sharply and slackened his stiff posture in the chair. A heavy burden had now fallen off his chest. For fuck’s sake, Hannibal could be truly difficult to predict sometimes. It was like riding a particular erratic rollercoaster. He was in for quite the ride, though.

At this moment, the bells of the Duomo started to ring. A truly magnificent and rich sound.Will rose from the chair and walked to the back of Hannibal’s chair to nuzzle and kiss the nape of his neck.The alpha leaned into the soft caresses. Will stopped and rested his chin on his shoulder.

“Can you promise me one thing, please?”

The omega felt Hannibal's impressive back muscles tense under his hands. Hannibal remained silent as he waited for Will to utter his pleas.

"Don't kill our baby, should we ever get into another conflict," the omega pleaded. "Don't let the teacup shatter a second time. Work on your emotional impulses." Remembering the unnecessary death of Abigail, silent tears streamed down his cheeks.

The alpha immediately reached for Will's hands to wrap around his upper body, pulling Will closer to him."I promise, Will. And I do keep my promises." A trail of soothing pheromones wafted through the air and made their way to Will who inhaled the flowery scent.

"Even I won't defy the plans of the universe a second time. Now that I have you here with me, I will do my best to avoid any harm and protect you both." he paused. "Just like you I made my mistakes and I do not intend to repeat them so easily. I will try and process my emotions in a different way." A pleased omegan purr escaped Will's mouth. He rubbed his stubbled cheeks on Hannibal's and drew his lips over  the sharp cheekbones before finding Hannibal's mouth.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!